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DODGE CITY, ... KANSAS.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn;
The oldest maxim under the sun;
And May and Jennie and Belle and Kate
Go trooping out at the garden gate;
Trooping out for an hour's fun,
Nodding their thanks to Grandmother Gunn.

Four little maidens all in a row,
Hearts as clean as the dear white snow,
Out in the garden at high-spy,
Mother watches them with a sigh;
"Saturday eve, and the work undone,"
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

Four little maidens fair—ah, me!
Tired as maidens fair can be;
Mother scolds, in her careful way,
Till four little maidens slip away;
And four little hearts, brimful of fun,
A refuge seek in Grandmother Gunn.

Eight little lips that do not speak,
Tenderly press her faded cheek,
Till grandma sighs, and wipes her eyes,
And four little maidens, all surprise,
Lean their arms on grandma's knee,
And argue their case right skillfully.

"Is it wrong, grandma, to fall asleep,
Where the sun and shadows play bopeep?
Is it naughty running the whole day long
Where the brook is singing the goodest song?
Is it naughty having the mostest fun?"
She smiles, and they know their case is won.
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls"—how the years flit by,
Four little maids their fortunes try;
Sleighing, boating, never a care,
The merriest maidens any where.
Life on the wings of a joy-bird flies:
Still watchful mother tenderly sighs:
"They think of nothing at all but fun!"
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls"—how the glad years go!
Four little maids their fortunes know.
Each with a lover tall and grand,
The handsomest lover in all the land.
Still, mother sighs and shakes her head,
Deaf to every word that's said.
Till shy and trustful, one fair night,
Four little maidens, all in white,
Trustfully give both heart and hand
To the handsomest lovers in all the land.
Says mother: "Oh! what have the children done?"
"Girls will be girls," says Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls"—how the good time flies!
Grandmother Gunn 'neath the daisies lies;
And mother sits in grandma's chair,
With grandma's face and grandma's hair;
And four little mothers, shy as a nun,
Tenderly mourn dear Grandmother Gunn.
And four little babies, cooing sweet,
Lie all day long at *their* grandma's feet;
Sometimes naughty and ready to fret,
Till four little mothers are all upset;
Grandma alone says: "It's only fun—
Girls will be girls," dear Grandmother Gunn.

"Girls will be girls—how the years flit by!"
Each moves on to the mile post nigh;
Living over the dear old days,
Each one stepped into mother's place;
Each one learns as the life-sands run,
That "Girls will be girls," like Grandmother Gunn.

—Will Allen Dromgoole, in Detroit Free Press.

THE GREWSOME WAITER.

He Tells of His Relations With the Angel of Death.

The quality of his voice first attracted my attention, although with it came the uncomfortable sensation that I had been stolen upon unawares. Some one came and stood behind my chair, and said: "I think, sir, you will find a seat over there by the window preferable to this."

At all times given to be slightly nervous, I positively jumped on being thus spoken to. First, I say, because of the quality of the voice. It was heavy and deep, like one of the bourdon pipes of an organ, and was of such volume and vibratory power that it sounded painfully in my ears, as though this same organ-pipe had been leveled at them. Then, too, there was the suddenness of the thing. To be sure, the speaker might have worn soft slippers, as is the custom of many waiters, but even then there would been a shuffling sound as he moved over the polished wood-floor of the great dining-room.

I turned quickly, and then it was his appearance that effaced all preceding sensations. He was unusually tall, of massive though angular frame, but it was his face that was the point of attraction. Upon shoulders of that peculiar breadth and squareness which often mark the consumptive, was set a head of such disproportionate smallness that it looked like a little apple on a big limb. The face was even small for the small head, but, as though nature had been seized with a fit of whimsical compensation, the features were grotesquely large. The eyes, of so pale a blue as to be almost colorless, occupied such a wide space that they seemed actually to intrude upon the root of the nose, which jutted forward like an eagle's beak. The mouth was extensive and ragged in outline, while the ears stuck out like the handles of an antique vase. Of hair he had scarcely any, the few remaining wisps being of the color of well-dried hay.

I see I have used the word "grotesque" in attempting to describe the man's appearance. This is wrong, for I should rather have said appalling; and, as I looked at him, I found myself wondering how the shrewd manager of the San Juan Capistrano Hotel could have engaged so repulsive a creature. Before many days had passed, however, I found that there was good reason for the employment. His service was about as near perfect as I ever experienced, and I found, too, that behind that distressing mask there lay an intelligence of a peculiar high order.

"I am the son of an English clergyman," he told me, one day. I had spilled the salt, and, as I did so, I said: "Dear me, that means bad luck, I suppose."

"Never mind, sir," he said, "throw a little over your left shoulder and say 'Abracadabra.'"

"Where in the world did you hear that form of conjuration?" I asked.

"In the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' as well as I remember," he answered, and then came a short conversation on reading—for I am not of the exclusive order—out of which grew the remark about his being the son of an English clergyman.

"I know, of course," he said, in that great bellow of his, "that there is a fine chestnuty flavor about this statement—still it is strictly true. It is also true, sir, that you will find my name on the books of Brazenose College, at Oxford."

"Well, then, my good fellow," I said, "what in the name of all that's unpleasant brings you here as a waiter at a California sea-side hotel in the dead season?"

"Drink," was the laconic reply.

"Ah, the old story," I said.

"No," he replied, in quite a spirited manner; "by no means the old story."

"What is it, then?" I persisted.

"Don't ask me, please," he pleaded, and in the mirror, which was at the foot of the table, I saw that his eyes were drawn down as if in pain, and that his huge mouth was all of a tremble.

I was interested, I must confess, but, at the same time, I was also a little chagrined to think that I might possibly be allowing a smart impostor to play upon my feelings. I therefore shrugged my shoulders with a gesture that meant something near disgust. He was quick to read the sign.

"Don't think I am attempting to excuse myself or impose on you, sir," he said; "let me come to your room this evening—I shall not make the privilege an excuse for the least attempt at intimacy, sir—and I shall be able to explain myself fully."

I hesitated a moment and then consented.

I was sitting out on the balcony smoking a cigar, listening to the slop of the Pacific on the sands and watching the fog-bank slowly settling down over Point Lomfa, when he rapped at my door. He had exchanged his waiter's togs for a loose suit of tweed, and the change of attire was much to the advantage of his appearance, though nothing could soften the shocking character of his face. He asked permission to bring another chair outside my window, and then, having lit a cigar, he spoke as follows:

"I need not go over the story of who I am, or tell you what my real name is, sir. You know all that is necessary on those points, and all that you would care to know. It will be enough for me to assure you that I am an English gentleman, born and bred, and to repeat that I owe my present debased condition to drink. Yet I am not a drunkard by choice, or by vicious inclinations, but one made so by a hideous fate. Don't smile, sir, for it's the God's truth I'm telling you.

"I was not always the abominable-looking creature I am now, although I was never more than passably good-looking. Up to my twentieth year I had never tasted spirits, although our family table had always been provided with wine, and my dear father invariably drank a toddy before going to bed. One night, it was in the long vacation, I was sitting with him in the library when the servant brought in the decanter and hot water. As she set them down on the table, an agonizing sense of fear came over me, then a numbness and the feeling that I was turned to ice. The coldness seemed to come from without rather than from within me, and glancing shiveringly around to see if the window was open, I saw behind my chair the figure of one draped in flowing white garments, and having a face of such unutterable stoniness that my heart stood still at the very sight. I knew this to be the Angel of Death, and felt that I was summoned. But there was a worse fate for me, sir. Seizing my shaking hand in his, the angel thrust it forward until it lay upon my father's heart, and then there came the tumultuous sound of many voices within me, and one came rushing up and cried: 'You die where you sit. And as I cried, my father's eyes seemed to start from their sockets, he gave a groan, stiffened, and was dead. As he died, the numbness left me, but not the fear, and, reaching out, I seized the decanter, drained it and tumbled forward in a fit.

"From that time on I felt myself accursed, and passed the next few months in a series of drunken excesses. Then there came a great longing to tell some one the story of what I had gone through. This lasted for weeks, and at last I gave my sister my fatal confidence. We were walking in the garden, and after much nervous hesitation, I began my dreadful story. I had but commenced when the warm sun seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and an icy wind swept across the tulip bed and blasted the flowers as though they had been struck by a frost. My sister shivered and cried as though in pain, upon which I put my arms about her and asked in God's name what was the matter? On the instant of my doing so, I felt two icy arms enfold me, and over my shoulder was thrust the stony face of the Angel of Death. The mortal numbness once more seized me and was again transmitted to another, for as I held my sister she sighed but once and died."

He was silent for a moment, and glancing at him with not the most comfortable feelings in the world, I could see by the light which came through the open window that he had covered his eyes with his hand.

I did not know what to say; indeed, the whole story seemed so outrageous, yet so full of circumstances, that I hesitated showing that I either rejected or accepted it. As the best thing under the circumstances, therefore, I said nothing.

He went on without taking down his hand. "It was heart-disease in both cases, they said," he continued, "and it was proved to every one's satisfaction, except mine, that the malady was in the family. Of course, I knew better, and in the horror that this new tragedy brought upon me, I flew to drink. The debauch lasted so long, and was attended by such distressing circumstances, that my friends concluded the best thing they could do was to ship me to this country. I thought ita good thing, too, for when I had come to my senses I reasoned that the further I was removed from the dear ones that were left the less chance there would be of ill happening to them through my malign influence. I arrived at New York about three years ago, and came on at once as far West as I could get, to San Francisco. I had been in this latter city but a few months, when, one day, while walking along Kearny street, I was seized once more with that deadly chill and horror. As though running from an enemy, I dashed into a saloon and drank until the bar-keeper refused to let me have any more liquor. There were other places, though, where the condition of the customers was not so tenderly considered, and I had no difficulty in finding them and getting all the vile poison I asked for. I remember staggering down to the water front, and then all was a blank until I opened my eyes and found myself with a bandaged head and slashed shoulder in the surgical ward of the city and county hospital. I had to lie on my left side because of the cut, and, so lying, I could see that in the bed next to mine there was propped up a boy with the bed-clothes raised over a frame-work about his legs. I learned afterward that the frame-work covered where his legs should have been, for the little chap had had them both cut off. He was a news-boy, he told me, and had tried to get on a car to sell his papers, when he missed his footing and fell beneath the wheels. He did not know what he was going to do without his legs, he said, but he guessed things would turn out all right, especially as he had survived the shock of the operation. He was very pale, but very patient; very helpless, but very hopeful; and the doctor, in making his rounds in the afternoon, said there was no reason why he should not be using a go-cart in another week or two. I swear to you, sir, that I heard the doctor say so with unalloyed pleasure and with the belief that he spoke the truth, yet that very night the boy died, and I was instrumental in his death.

"It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when I awoke all in a shiver. The little fellow was sitting up and crying. I asked him the matter, and he said he did not know, but that he was miserably afraid of something and asked me to take his hand. As I reached out to do this, I felt the old awfulness come over me, and, knowing what this meant, I drew back my hand with a cry, and prepared to leap out of bed and run—anywhere. With my first movement, however, there glided into view from behind me the pallid-faced Angel of Death. Coming between the beds with no sound in the sweep of its shroud-like garments, and with no relenting in its marble eyes, it seized my hand and laid it in that of the wondering boy. Even as I took the poor, thin hand in mine, it grew numb, but the weeping ceased, and with a faint cry of 'Mother!' the little fellow smiled and passed."

Again he was silent, and I was silent, too. What, I thought, does the fellow mean? Is he taking me for a credulous old man; is he in earnest, or is he a murdering lunatic? The latter idea was impressively persistent, and I concluded that it was wise to be as quiet as I could and to get rid of him as speedily as possible. So I got up, threw the end of my cigar away and yawned, as I said: "Very remarkable story, but——"

Then he rose, too "Don't say any thing further, sir," he said; "I understand exactly your sentiments, or, rather, I should say, your doubts. You doubt my truthfulness, perhaps my innocence, and possibly my sanity."

Now this was getting too close to mind-reading to be comfortable, so I tried another tack.

"Now, look here," I said, plainly, "do you mean to tell me that your story is a true one?"

"I began by telling you that, sir," he said; "it is as sadly and unaffectedly true as that nature is man's bitterest enemy; or, if that is too argumentative a protest, then let me say that it is as true as that we stand here. I am a miserable man, possessed of the Angel of Death."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, with some excitement, "why do you tell me your story when, at the same time, you know the dangers that hang to the relation? Are you experimenting in some devilish way on me?"

With that a strange thing occurred. He leaped in a peculiar way backwards and then to the top of the piazza railing steadying himself there by grasping one of the uprights. Waving the disengaged hand toward my open window, he called aloud in his great booming voice: Get in, sir, and bolt your window, and lock your door, too. Go quick, and remember this: *When next you see me, shun me as you would the rider of the pale horse himself.*"

I may as well tell the truth: I got into my room in very short order, and Itook especial pains to secure every means of ingress. The fact of the matter is I had a bad case of nervous disorganization—funk we used to call it when I was a boy. I did not even go to bed that night, but sat up with the lights burning, waiting for I did not know exactly what. I do know, though, that when the morning came I had my things packed, and went quaking down the stairs and took the early train for San Francisco.

By the time we had reached Los Angeles, I had measurably recovered my equanimity and was busily trying to convince myself that I had business up North which required my presence there. The train was by no means crowded and I had a section to myself, with no one to object to the rather selfish disposition of my belongings on both seats. I felt the necessity of company, however, and just before we reached San Fernando, I went into the smoker, where three lively drummers were making the air blue with tobacco and tough yarns.

Apprised by the whistle's shrill toot that the big tunnel was quite near, I started up to see that my section window was closed, and had got round into the aisle, when, to my disgust, I saw a tall man planking down a big valise in my seat. I hastened forward in no very good humor, and had just reached the fellow, when the whistle gave a last shriek and the train rushed into the tunnel. As it did so, the tall man straightened up, and then my blood stagnated in my veins, for there in the half-light, the ghastly face of the grewsome waiter gleamed down upon me. With a sort of groan, I turned and tottered in the direction of the car-door. My idea, I believe, was to get out and jump off, but I only got as far as the door, when my knees gave way and I sank in a swoon.

I was shaken into consciousness by a terrific crash which seemed to stagger the car as though it had been struck by a thunderbolt. There were cries from within, the bell-cord over my head was violently shaken, and, with a sudden shock and rasping, the train slackened up and stood still. I staggered to my feet and saw that they were yet in the tunnel. Lanterns were flying here and there, and one trainman was coming through the cars asking if any one was hurt. Then I heard the voice of our porter call out something in a quick, sharp way. The drummers and trainmen made a rush carrying me with them, and we soon saw what had happened. A rock, fully a ton in weight, had fallen from the roof of the tunnel and had crashed into the side of the car. It was wedged in between the broken timbers and splintered seats, and, as I am a sinner, the spot where all this ruin lay was my section!

But there was something more than crushed wood-work and shattered glass underneath the murderous rock. There was a dead man there, and I did not need to see the strangely quiet face to know who it was for whom the Angel of Death had come.—Thomas J. Vivian, in Argonaut.

OVER A PRECIPICE.

Oklahoma Frank's Thrilling Adventure with a Herd of Cattle.

The experienced cowboy knows all the watercourses on the trail, and if the weather is dry he knows which one will be running.

Sometimes it is one hundred miles from one river to another and no creeks in between. The herd in this case is driven often as much as two hundred miles up the river until a place is reached where the distance across to the other river is not so great. Only the trails where the grass grows greenest are used, so that the steers will be in good condition when the shipping town, the nearest railway station, is reached.

After a day or two spent in town the cowboys return to the ranch and take charge of another herd, and so their life is spent.

Oklahoma Frank has been herding cattle for fourteen years. He once had a very narrow escape from death. The herd, frightened at the approach of a furious hail-storm, had stampeded. He was riding at the leader's head, firing his six-shooter in front of him, and striking him with his quirt.

Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed a ravine just ahead of him, how deep he knew not. Another flash showed a hundred bristling horns and twice as many gleaming eyes just behind him. To stop was certain death, for almost upon the haunches of his horse he could hear the snorting steers; to ride into the ravine meant death, for the moving herd would be upon him as soon as he reached the bottom. He decided to keep on and drove the spurs into his mustang's side. The animal leaped forward, stumbled, and over the side of the cliff he went. Frank felt himself going down and gave up all hope. After falling twenty-five feet the mustang struck the ground, throwing his rider far over his head upon a little elevation.

In another moment fifty steers thundered over the brink of the ravine and tumbled headlong to the bottom, where they bellowed and struggled and gored each other in their fury. The bruised and bleeding cowboy climbed higher up the opposite side of the ravine and listened for hours to the struggling cattle beneath him. He was finally rescued, and when daylight came a number of the steers, whose legs were broken, were butchered for beef.

Three-fourths of this herd was lost, and some of the steers that were recovered were found thirty miles from the place at which they stampeded.—Atlanta Constitution.

SOME NATIONAL PERILS.

How Even the Simpler Questions of American Politics are Complicated.

Were the nation homogeneous, were it composed simply of later generations of the same stock by which our institutions were planted, few adjustments of the old machinery of our politics would, perhaps, be necessary to meet the exigencies of growth. But every added element of variety, particularly every added element of foreign variety, complicates even the simpler question of politics. The dangers attending that variety which is heterogenity in so vast an organism as ours are, of course, the dangers of disintegration—nothing less; and it is unwise to think these dangers remote and merely contingent because they are not as yet pressing. We are conscious of oneness as a nation, of vitality, of strength, of progress, but are we often conscious of common thought in the concrete things of National policy? Does not our legislation wear the features of a vast conglomerate? Are we conscious of any National leadership? Are we not, rather, dimly conscious of being pulled in a score of directions by a score of crossing influences and contending forces?

This vast and miscellaneous democracy of ours must be led; its giant faculties must be schooled and directed. Leadership can not belong to the multitude; masses of men can not be self-directed, neither can groups of communities. We speak of the sovereignty of the people, but that sovereignty, we know very well, is of a peculiar sort; quite unlike the sovereignty of a king or of a small easily concerting group of confident men. It is judicial, merely, not creative. It passes judgment or gives sanction, but it can not direct or suggest. It furnishes standards, not policies. Questions of government are infinitely complex questions, and no multitude can of themselves form clear-cut, comprehensive, consistent conclusions, without touching them. Yet without such conclusions, without single and prompt purposes, government can not be carried on. Neither legislation nor administration can be done at the ballot-box. The people can only accept the governing act of representatives. But the size of the modern democracy necessitates the exercise of persuasive power by dominant minds in the shaping of popular judgments in a very different way from that in which it was exercised in former times.—Woodrow Wilson, in Atlantic.

—The man who married his pretty type-writer operator found that she refused to be dictated to afterward.

THINK BEFORE SCOLDING.

How One Mother Was Cured of Speaking Without Deliberation.

"Count ten, Tatty, count ten." These words came to my mind the other evening, but they were just too late to be of service. I knew quite well at the moment that I had spoken too hastily, and that in all probability I had been unjust, while if I had followed the rule given to "Tattyooram," and always counted ten before speaking when I felt irritated, poor little Bertie would have been saved a heartache, which I can never recall without a pang.

I had returned mentally and physically tired from a hard day's shopping in the city. The tedious waiting at the ferry, and the over-heated and overcrowded cars had left me with a nervous headache, a trouble which I seldom plead guilty to, and to which I was trying not to succumb.

Bertie met me at the door with the cleanest of faces, with his bright curls so smoothly brushed, and with such an unusually subdued manner that but for my aching head I would have suspected mischief. There was none of the usual curiosity regarding my packages, but such a gentleness of demeanor that I stroked his sunny curls, and asked, "How is mamma's little Lord Fauntleroy?"

"Please come in the parlor. I have something to show you," said Bertie, and following him there, I saw my favorite lamp-shade, the costly gift of a friend, in fragments. "What a naughty, careless little boy!" I began, and without trusting myself to say another word I returned to the dining-room. A few moments later my husband, all unconscious of the tragedy, entered, made much of Bertie, asked him if he had been lonely, and if he was glad we were again at home. I saw the little chin quiver under his papa's caresses, and I began to appreciate something of how the little heart must be aching at the prospects of disclosure which he supposed would follow. Waiting until he had finished his supper and gone into the sitting-room, I related the catastrophe. Without a word, my husband, in the brightest and cheeriest of voices, called Bertie to him, and taking him on his knee, praised him for having at once and unasked told the truth about the accident, and in his gentle way drew from the broken-hearted child the story of "how he wanted to help Bridget" by beating the dust out of the parlor furniture, and of how he had "axidently" hit the shade with the broom handle; nor did his father let him relinquish his seat until smiles had chased away the grief from his poor little face. Had I lost my little boy that night, before I had had time to assure him of my full forgiveness, and to make him feel in some way that it was the headache and not mamma that had spoken, I should never have forgiven myself. Bridget told me the next day, that after the accident he sat with folded hands, unable to play, or followed her from room to room to ask her if she was quite sure that the four dollars from his bank would be enough to pay for it. "I was that sorry for him, mem," said the kind-hearted girl "that I could have cried."

I have had my lesson, and I think I shall never again allow myself to speak even the slightest word of reproof until I have taken time to think. A wise man when asked his secret of educating his children, replied: "I have always found it desirable to be a little deaf, a little dumb and a little blind." If you are given to hasty speeches, it is well to be a great deal dumb."—Palmetto, in Rural New Yorker.

WONDERFUL CALMNESS.

How One Grivet Escaped the Guillotine During the Reign of Terror.

A tradesman of Lyons, in France, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild and simple manners, was sentenced during the French revolution, with a number of others, to die next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed around the newcomer to sympathize with and to fortify him. But Grivet had no need of consolation; he was as calm as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they; "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the grave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his approaching fate.

The morning arrived. The other prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving any thing or being perceived. Fast asleep, enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked, and when he awoke, awhile after, he was in the utmost astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The judges did not sit for two days. Grivet remained all this time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found in the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquility as on the first. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and became as one thunderstruck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed, a spirit, in the cave.

He called the sentinel, who instantly appeared. "Who are you?" said he to Grivet, "and how came you here?" Grivet answered that he had been there four days. "Doubtless," he added, when my companions in misfortune were led away to death I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would now have been past, whereas I have now lived with the prospect of death always before me; but the misfortune now will undoubtedly be repaired and I shall die."

Grivet was summoned before the tribunal. He was interrogated anew. It was a moment of leniency with the judges, and he was set at liberty.—London Spectator.

—The New York Cotton Exchange have raised their fines for disorderly conduct from $1 to $100. Under the old rules a member could punch another member's head and get off sometimes for fifty cents, but now such action can only be indulged in by the wealthiest members of the exchange.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Brown sugar in doughnuts instead of white will keep them moist and nice much longer.—The Housekeeper.

—A cheap and good mince-meat can be made by boiling a beef's heart till tender, then chopping it fine and seasoning it and adding twice as much apple by weight as meat. Fruit, spices, etc., can be added as one desires.

—Paper or pasteboard may be rendered waterproof as follows: Mix four parts of slaked lime with three parts of skimmed milk and add a little alum; then give the material two successive coatings of the mixture with a brush and then let it dry.

Honey Cakes: Take a quart of strained honey, half a pound of fresh butter, and a small teaspoonful of pearl ash, dissolved in a little milk. Add as much sifted flour as will make stiff paste. Work well together. Roll out half an inch thick. Cut into cakes. Lay on buttered tins, and bake in a hot oven.

—Cream Dates: Remove the stones from the dates, without entirely separating them. Take a tiny piece of vanilla fondant, the same as preceding recipe, form it into a little roll, place it in the space from which the seed was taken, press the halves together so that only a small quantity of the candy can be seen, roll the dates in granulated sugar, and place them on dishes to harden.—Christian Union.

—One great secret of nice cake making is the thorough beating of the batter after all ingredients are together. Some have trouble with granulated sugar. Don't use so much. One-half inch less for a cupful is enough. The cake batter takes longer beating than usual, as the sugar is longer in dissolving. We think it the cheapest sugar on the market.—Farm and Fireside.

—To use up slices of stale bread break and cut them in pieces, first cutting off the hard crust, and pour boiling water on it too soften the bread. Then for a pint of bread crumbs beat up three eggs and add these with a pint of milk, some bits of butter, a little sugar and raisins in quantity to suit, and bake. It is a good plain, wholesome pudding to eat with milk and sugar or pudding sauce.—N. Y. World.

—To take iron rust out of white goods: Pour a teacupful of boiling water; stretch the goods tightly across the top of it; then pour on a little of the solution of oxalic acid dissolved in water, and rub it with the edge of a teaspoon or any thing. If it does not come out at once, dip it down into the hot water and rub it again. This is a quick easy and sure way to remove iron rust, and should be remembered by every good housekeeper.

—Oyster Croquettes: Put two dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor. Let come to a boil. Take from the fire, drain and chop. Put half a pint of the liquor in a saucepan, with a teacup of cream, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and butter each, rubbed together. Stir until the milk boils, add the oysters, the yelks of three eggs, and stir one minute; take from the fire, and season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half of a grated nutmeg, a little salt and cayenne pepper. Mix well and turn out to cool. When cold, form in croquettes, roll in beaten eggs then in bread crumbs and fry in boiling lard.—Ladies' Home Journal.

DANGEROUS WORK.

Poor Folks who Go Gleaning on the New York Wharves for Fuel.

Among the many odd devices resorted to by the very poor in their efforts to gain a livelihood is that of the people who frequent the various wharves and other places where coal is transferred from barges to wagons or from wagons to coal-sheds, and who eagerly seize upon any stray pieces that may fall unheeded to the ground.

Of coarse the loss in this way on each ton of coal is scarcely noticeable, but in the aggregate it amounts to no inconsiderable quantity and the aged men and worn-out women who so carefully watch the huge coal buckets as they swing in mid-air in their transit from the coal barge to the wagons on the wharf are often able thus to secure sufficient of the mineral to warm their humble homes throughout the winter. Only those too decrepit to execute more laborious work care to glean coal in this way, as they are seldom able to gather a large enough quantity to sell. But the activity displayed by these poor old creatures in their eagerness to secure a few nuggets is something remarkable.

The pursuit is not without its perils. There is always more or less competition for the scanty prizes that reward a long vigil, and in order to outdo their competitors the old gleaners often rush recklessly between wagon wheels and almost under horses' hoofs. Then, too, as the big buckets swing overhead pieces of coal are sometimes dislodged and fall heavily to the ground, endangering the heads of those beneath.

Not long since an old man was pushed off a pier into the river and nearly drowned through the rush for a single lump that had attracted the attention of half a dozen gleaners. It had fallen on the edge of the string piece, and the old fellow was crowded off. Fortunately he grabbed and held on to a rope that was hanging from the stern of a coal barge, and some idlers on the wharf hauled him ashore.

The greatest danger to the gleaners lies, however, in their reckless dives under the wagons. The men and boys who are engaged in loading frequently chase the old folks away, but they return with a persistence that defies all efforts to save the coal and prevent accidents.—N. Y. Herald.

South America's Living Lanterns.

South American fire-flies have been called living diamonds. In the same part of the world is also found a pale gray or particularly disagreeable looking moth which may be called a living lantern. Kept inclosed in a box for twenty-four hours, it will be found when the box is opened that the body of the moth is giving forth sufficient light to enable one to read plainly any ordinary type. A number of glass-fronted boxes containing these moths—*Fulgaria canternaria*, naturalists call them—when placed around a room afford nearly as much light as so many wax candles.—American Agriculturist.